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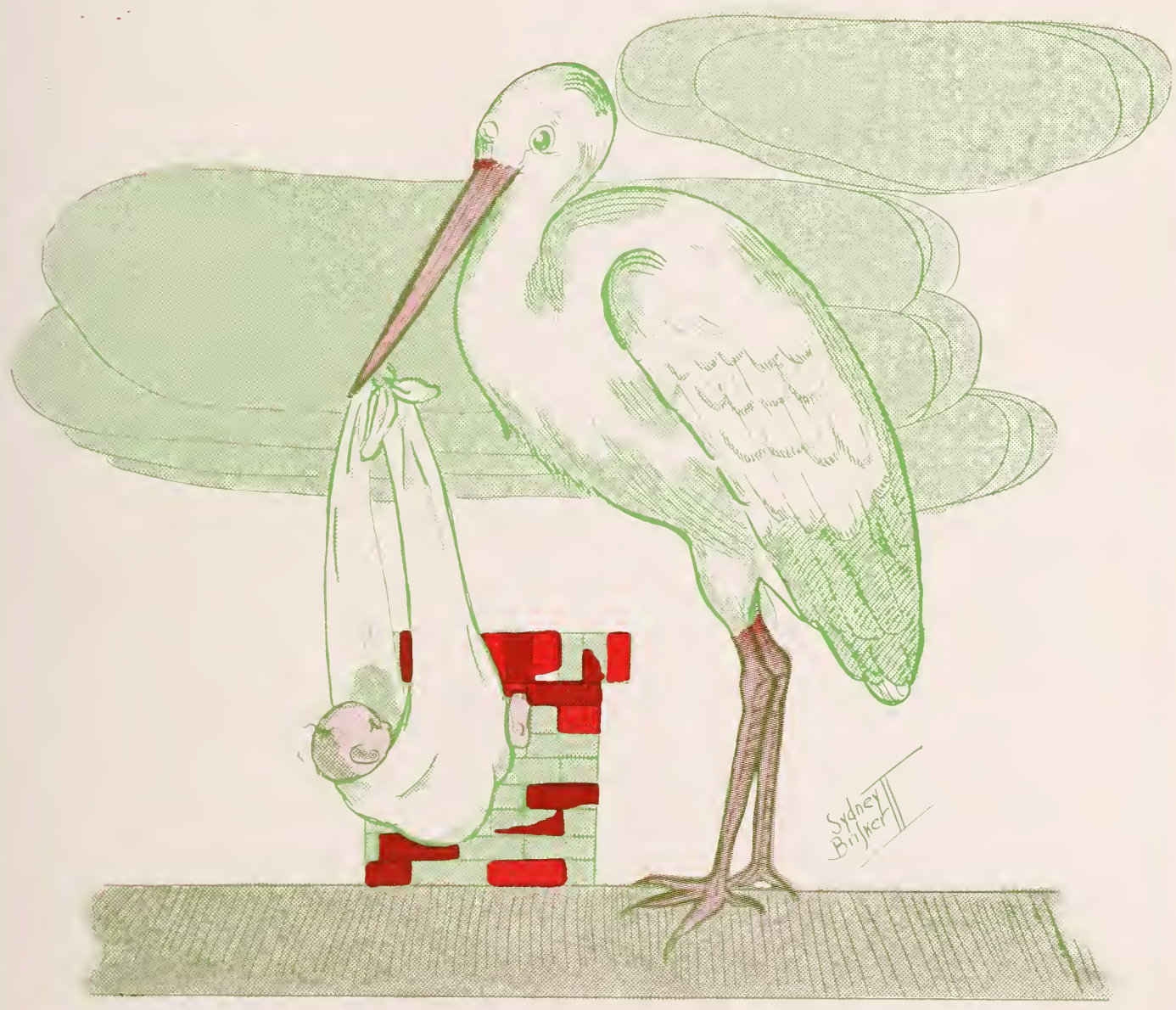
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December, 1934

KEEP SEX OUT OF IT ISSUE

Fifteen Cents

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY





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Here's a free hint, Joe. Run a pipe cleaner through your briar, scrape out the polluted bowl—then fill up with mild and pleasant Sir Walter Raleigh. This gentle blending of Kentucky Burleys gives off a delicate and seductive fragrance that appeals to merry widows and wary kiddoes alike. Sir Walter Raleigh is cool. It's slow burning. It's pipe smoking at its very best. Kept fresh in heavy gold foil, it will set you back only fifteen pennies. Try it—you'll be the hit of the party.

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DIZZY DEFINITIONS

A doorknob is a thing a revolving door goes around without—a straw is something which you drink something through two of them—cobblestones are a pavement that people would rather were asphalt than—a fern is a plant that you are supposed to water it once a day, but if you don't do it dies, and if you do, it dies anyway only not so soon—summer is a season that in winter you wish you could keep your house as warm as—a cartoon is a funny drawing that makes people laugh when other people claim cigarettes come in it—cream is something which dry cereal doesn't taste as good without it, unless you use milk, but you haven't any—and one car they are all dying to ride in is the hearse.

—*Carolina Buccaneer*

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—of—

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Education, Pre-Medical, Pre-Legal, Divinity, Pre-Dental, Chemistry, Geology.

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sex



*All people from Fijis to Czechs
Have, sometime or other, experienced SEX!
If they hadn't, dear readers, I fear
Neither you nor I would now be here.*

*But too much sex in shows and plays
Caused the movies to have big bad Bill Hays
Delete and cut out things for shame
And make our movies much too tame.*

*Internationally famous crooks
Used to smuggle in forbidden books
And very nearly broke their necks
To give the American public SEX!*

*The customs officials stopped being sissies
And allowed the importation of Joyce's Ulysses.
Damsels began doing their best
To emulate naughty, sexy Mae West.*

*A guy was considered a "brighty"
If he knew his stuff about Aphrodite.
A girl's company was enjoyed
If she could expound Sigmund Freud.*

*All of us became quite jealous
Of those who knew their Havelock Ellis.
The W. C. T. U. said SEX
Was making all of human wrecks.*

*In view of the wave of indignation
Sweeping across our mighty nation,
Plays, etcetera became too clean;
Even as did our worthy Dean*

*To the Burr Editors quoth the Dean:
"Keep it clean, boys. Keep it clean.
Let their be no doubt of it,
You must keep SEX out of it!"*

*So here we present our magazine
And we shall try to keep it clean.
And verily it doth us vex
To leave out that horrid thing, SEX!*





JUST AS AN AEROPLANE NEEDS *Both* WINGS

A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO MUST HAVE
Both MILDNESS
AND FLAVOR!



IN PIPE TOBACCO, mere mildness alone offers very little reason for smoking. A man smokes to enjoy the taste of good tobacco. Take that away and why smoke at all?

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EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR

*Sacred to the memory of a clean
joke: we hope you have better luck
finding one than we did.*

—Voo Doo



BURLESQUE

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

—Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth-Night*

• keep

IF those of you who have the more retentive memories will permit us, we should like, at this time, to revive the ancient gag concerning Sir Christopher Wren, the famous English architect. It seems that Sir Chris and a friend of his had nothing to do on a particular day. "Get me my gun, I'm going gunning," suggested the friend. "Get me my rapier," nifted Sir Christopher.

• sex

CHRYSANTHEMUMS are really beautiful flowers, but hardly the type to be worn in a buttonhole. So when we observed one of these flowers in the lapel of a friend of ours, we naturally inquired as to where he got it. He answered that he had procured the flower in his

girl friend's apartment house. "What," we wanted to know, "do you mean you got it in her apartment house?" He blinked and very nicely informed us that the flower in question was growing in the lobby of his paramour's apartment house and he had picked it for the express purpose of wearing it.

• out

ONE of our editors went to the recent Rutgers Houseparty. In the course of the weekend's meanderings, he found himself in a place in Newark, New Jersey, called "The Grotto." Here he found Joe Cook's famous band of four Hawaiians, minus one, plucking the strings of their instruments. Everybody seemed to be having a good time, when one of the girls got up and sang that famous old ditty, *Who's Sorry Now?* Delightfully plastered,

the girl actually started crying real tears in the process of her delivery. When she started singing the currently popular *Out in the Cold Again*, one of the drunks who had observed her lachrymose outburst, pleaded with her stop lest she contract pneumonia.

• of

THE caretaker of a small park, which may have been situated in Connecticut, was reminded of the noticeably and unnecessarily large number of cars habitually parking at night for the amusement of the occupants. On the nite following the admonition the caretaker approached the first car to come to a halt upon the forbidden grounds with a feeling of authority and the purpose in mind to keep 'sex out of it.' Knocking upon the closed window of the coupe he shouted, "What are you doing in there?" A rather tall and exceed-

ingly brawny individual appeared and, towering over the curious one (now very intimidated) answered, "I'm loving the gal, what's it to you?" "Well, you picked a nice night for it," replied the caretaker, strolling away.

• it

THE Burr has quipped, and the Burr has gagged, and the Burr has done its worst. We have had some good reports and some to the effect that the worst is not bad enough . . . If your artistic endeavors supercede those of Peter Arno, and if your humor is a thousand-fold (at least) better than Joe Penner and Eddie Cantor combined, contribute and join the esoteric erudites of the Burr.

—The Burros.



"Well, Mister, you've certainly given me a black eye!"

Noah Webster defines *sex* - as a combining form meaning six. If he had shortened it somewhat we might agree.

DEFINITIONS

SEX: A number. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, sex.

SEX: Plural for Burlap Bag. Example: "Two sex of wheat."

SEX: Part of an exclamation. For Pete's sex!

SEX: What a dog does. "The dog sex the boy." Sic'em.

SEX: Lick, draw. "He sex the soda up through a straw."

SEX: Usual Christmas gift for men. A pair of wool-en sex, size 10.

SEX: To sink under the weight of a burden. A little man sex under the weight of his burden.

SEX: A store on Fifth Avenue in New York City.

SEX

(As some international figures might comment on the subject)

Mahatma Gandhi: There are now several thousand Untouchables.

Hitler: According to the people who know, I am in a fog about the whole affair. Where is Putzy Hanfstaengl?

Mussolini: Where is Adolph?

Stalin: Comes the Revolution, we'll all have sex! Sex for everybody! Equality of sex! Sex is the property of the Proletariat. Do not produce for the capitalist society. Take what rightfully belongs to the working class!

Mustapha Kemal: I've already unveiled the women of Turkey. Next I shall substitute Freud for the Koran.

George Bernard Shaw: Bah! Give me my vegetable! No mutton for me! Give me a carrot instead of a banana.

T. O. M. Sopwith: I luffed you Wednesday.

D'Annunzio: The Duce you say! Or is it the Duse?

.gift suggestions

The Lehigh Burr in the grand old spirit of the Yuletide wishes to suggest a few gifts for the various departments on our campus which attempt to shove knowledge through our thick craniums. (All you birds who collected a goodly number of valentines might restore good feelings and lagging averages by carrying out a few of these gift suggestions).

THE BUSINESS DEPT.—To our popular financial experts we suggest a half dozen rules so that earnings per share and marginal demand prices can be calculated without the volumous maze of figures which seem to daze even the business men. In Doc Carothers' stocking you could secrete a few dog biscuits for the canine intellectualists which literally flock to his "sosh" in hordes.

MATH. DEPARTMENT—These mathematical wizards certainly deserve some recognition as the foremost lullaby artists on the campus. A couple of dozen radios to install in the classrooms to keep the boys awake and a bunch of red suspenders to attract interest and to pull with importance. To each prof a bevy of beautiful beauties to bring back that devil-may-care look of youth to their worried countenances and to stage a few routines at ten minute intervals to keep eyes focused up front, (a rather expensive item but a SWELL investment).

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING—A few murals to ease the technical monotony of our well equipped labs, a swimming pool on the main floor for Prof. Larkin and eight crates of rosy red apples to Professor Luce to pull that Machine Design mark from 40 up to 70 or thereabouts. Oh Gosh—there's also a little item of a few pairs of roller skates to speed about the halls on.

PHYSICS—A fan dancer to liven up the lab courses, a gross of Jew's harps to play with, and you might give your prof a new fedora so that he will remember you when the final grades are dished out.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT—A few of Cab Calloway's recordings to illustrate the great strides in musical development since the days of Bach and Handel. A chorus of burlesque queens to add a little zest to things and get across the finer interpretation of the classics. A megaphone to Professor Shields so he can croon to his hearts

delight and a couple of tickets to the Cotton club in Harlem, the home of rhythm where music was born.

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING—To our sparkling exponents of the test tubes we suggest a bright, stainless steel soda fountain and bar where the boys can study the molecular interminglings of a small shot of Golden Wedding with 25 c. c. of White Rock and determine how much furniture polish is contained in a pint of Scotch. All of which reminds us of the freshman who sent some liquor to the Bureau of Standards to be analyzed and was told his horse had diabetes.

M. S. T. DEPARTMENT—A set of tin soldiers to diddle around with and a herd of Shetland ponies for the officers. Throw in a beebee rifle for Major Green and if you get less than a "B" I'll eat my hat. Sergeant Gasda would go nuts over a doll house and red flannel underwear could make Captain Rice very happy.

BIOLOGY—A half dozen juicy worms for Dr. Sell to dissect and a female hipopotamus to perform an appendectomy on. A miniature amusement park would greatly please the poor frogs in their last hours before the pre-meds cut 'em up.

PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT—Upon our "sike" profs we would bestow a few reels of Mae West instead of those hopeless monkey pictures which don't even have sound. We suggest an interpreter to read Professor Graham's lectures for him so we can learn something for a change and a representative sample of white mice to prove that they really do have a higher I. Q. than the average freshman.



"Well, Deanie, I guess you can see there's no sex in this issue!"

•she was only... but...

She was only a printer's daughter, but I sure liked her type.

She was only an undertaker's daughter—but oh how she could lay them out!

She was only a good plumber's daughter—thus her face flushed silently.

She was only a lumberman's daughter but her limbs were oke.

She was only a lumberman's daughter, but she had been through the mill.

She was only an oculist's daughter, but give her two glasses and she'll make a spectacle of herself.

She was only a hash-slinger's daughter but how she could dish it out.

She was only a judge's daughter, but she gave me a hot time and was willing to try anything.

She was only a film censor's daughter but she knew when to cut it out.

She was the stage manager's daughter but she had the loveliest props.

She was only a bottle-maker's daughter but nothing could stopper.

She was only a tobacco grower's daughter, but oh, what a Chesterfield.

She was only a shoemaker's daughter, but she stuck to the last.

She was only the butler's daughter, but how she enjoyed being maid.

She was only an usher's daughter but she sure knew how to put you in your place.

She was only the watchmaker's daughter but she had her moments.

The aviator's daughter specialized in the take-off.

She was a miner's daughter but she was never boring.

And then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

Her father may have worked in a bowling alley, but she sure had a nice set of pins.

"She was only a photographer's daughter."

"Yes, she sits in a dark room and awaits developments."

"Marry me, Richard! I'm only a garbage man's daughter, but—"

"That's all right, baby. You ain't to be sniffed at."

—*Sciped from Our Exchanges*

JUST FOR FAUNA

The love life of the horse
Is deplorably coarse.
And one horse foaling with another's wife
Does not foment any appreciable amount of equine strife.

:o:

Consider with compassion the frog
Forced to woo on a slimy log.
Will he learn to love upon the shore?
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

:o:

An introvert, the snail
Is not effusive like the whale.
But frequently emerges to raise his hell
And withdraws with impunity into his shell.

—*Froth*

sex

(As some of our professors might lecture on it)

Neil Carothers: It is too involved fo yoah mentalities. But mah smawl boy . . .

H. Ullmann: Today we will lecture on sex. Very good. Several chemical changes are involved. Very good. The whole idea is . . . very good.

Herb Diamond: Now we are getting into the heart of the matter. Hitherto we've beaten around the bush, but now we're getting right into it.

C. G. Beardslee: Knowledge is fact. Knowledge is truth. Know thyself.

Percy Hughes: Sex? Oh yes. I remember now. Sex is an experience. I think it is an art sometimes. Read Dewey's *Art as Experience*. Now Rembrandt was a good artist. What? Oh. sex. Let me see. Oh yes. I was lecturing on sex. Yes, yes. I remember it well.

Adelbert Ford: Er . . . we psychologists take a different view. Some people are of the opinion that psychology and biology are closely related. But we psychologists . . . Voice from the rear: Nuts, Adelbert, sex is sex. Stop horsing around.

Alpha Albert Diefenderfer: One hundred cc's in a number one beaker. That's the thing to hang your hat on. Do it according to A. A. D.

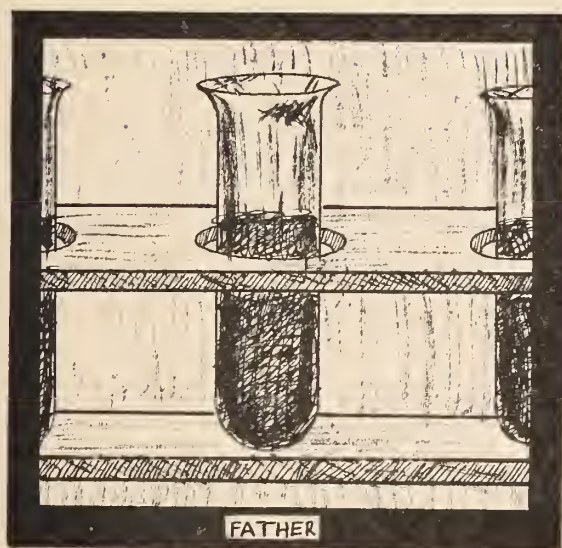
Bradley S. Stoughton: The uncontrolled heat of the electric steel furnace . . . about 1.5 carbon and .05 phosphorous . . . know the production chart . . . Uh uh . . .

Fred Larkin: I endorse it! Does somebody want to demonstrate?

Dean Curtis: Heh heheh. Sex . . . Well I guess you're out of school. Heheh. Sex . . .

Max Petersen: The mutual attraction of two bodies . . . And when the irresistible force meets the immovable body . . .

Professor Seyfert: When the line current exceeds its normal and the terminals get very hot . . .



Tsk! Tsk!

•design for leaving

The Dean was seated in his luxurious office in the Administration building, when I entered the outer office, and encountered the Dean's secretary. I was to get an exclusive story regarding the Dean's attitude toward the *Keep Sex Out of It* Issue of the Burr. I approached the beautiful damsel known to all men as "The Dean's Secretary," with a beautiful approach shot to the green.

"Hy'a Babe."

"Okay. I'm so glad you didn't call me Toots."

"Is the Dean in?"

"Ya don't think I'm poundin' this typewriter 'cause I like it, do you?"

"Well, listen Honey, how about a tete-a-tete with me, or a date at seven?"

"Hey, keep sex out of it," I heard the Dean yell out to me from his office.

Taking this for my cue, I strode boldly into the Dean's office. I chalked my cue, and calmly deliberated my next shot.

"Why don't you bank the eight ball," the Dean interceded.

"Thanks," I replied, and attempted a three cushion bank, but unfortunately the Dean was sitting on the third cushion. Rather embarrassed, I removed myself from the Dean's lap to a chair opposite his desk, and point blank asked, "What do you think of sex?"

"Well," he began, "when I was a college student, sex was a most discussed subject. But, my dear sir, never did we burr-lesque it."

"Some quip Deany, but don't change the subject," I snapped back and before he could regain his composure, I snapped back again, hitting him squarely in the solar plexus.

"Touche!" I cried.

"What do you think of sex?" the Dean asked me.

"Say, that's my line," I returned, realizing that the Dean was reading my notes. "Hand over my notes."

"Notes to you," said the Dean as he handed back my papers.

"I didn't know that you were a baseball player, Dean."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I heard one of the boys at the house say that

you were a Dizzy Dean." (Editor's note—We are not responsible for anything our reporters write, or for articles left over thirty days.)

I grabbed the inkwell just before he could lay his hands on it, and, feeling safe for the moment, was about to take my departure when a fuzzy little scotch terrier walked into the office.

"Your dog, Dean?"

"Yes. Cute isn't it?"

"What is it, a male or a female?"

"I thought we were going to keep sex out of it," the Dean cried out as he let fly a hammered-copper ash tray with pearl cigarette rests, and as my departure was so hasty, I could only blurt out a curtailed "So long" to the beautiful maiden in the foyer.

Rasputin

Did lots of tootin

About havin' to repent.

So he had pleasure

At his leisure

With people who were penitent.

To people from Bethlehem to Siam:

If Gunga Din

Didn't sin,

He's a better man than I am.



sex

(As some well-known Americans might comment on it)

Huey Long: Sex! Every man, woman, and child in the State of Louisiana shall have it. Shall only the rich have it? No! Who wants a free scholarship to LSU?

W. R. Hearst: Sex! With the yellow hordes across the Pacific? Sex must be kept safe for the white man! Besides, you know what they say about these Chinese women.

Father Coughlin: Sex must be devalued. The farmers in the West must have their sex! From the rock-ribbed shores of Maine . . .

F. D. Roosevelt: We are going to have a New Deal in Sex! A red Eagle for red light districts. More time for . . . Leisure.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Babies, just Babies.

Secretary Wallace: We must curb production.

Upton Sinclair: I have an EPIC plan . . .

Evangeline Booth: Think of our salvation. Who wants their soul saved?

Mae West: Come up and see me sometime. Will Hayes is around; I can't talk now.

Eddie Cantor: Jimmy, cut it out. It's dated.

Al Capone: Quit musclin' in on my territory.

Harpo Marx:

Mr. Dionne: Just who is this guy Cantor?

Walter Winchell: . . . Sex . . . sex . . . sex . . .

Herbert Hoover: Posterity is just around the corner. (It's a very old gag, boys.)

The Forgotten Man: 'Cause ever since the world began, a woman's got to have a man!



"Well who the hell do you think she is — my sister?"

of an old American millionaire, was late—a full two and a half minutes, by Allah!

Suddenly a gong gonged, the door opened, and Jim, dressed in spotless linen, strode in. Desda ran forward and tossed herself into his sturdy arms. "Jeem," she cooed, "you are here at last," and taking his strong brown hands, she led him to a couch strewn with soft silken pillows and sprayed with intoxicating perfumes. Tossing herself down into the silky softness, she stretched her two arms pleadingly towards him. Jim sank down beside her, and accepted the invitation her luscious lips held forth. He pressed her tightly to his bosom, caressed her, and kissed her again and again — kissed her until he had sunk into an abyss of forgetfulness, conscious only of the precious morsel he held in his arms. His senses were reeling — he was sinking further and further down — all was forgotten except the amorous pleasure ahead — and then suddenly he remembered. It was impossible; it could not be; he had been warned — how could he have forgotten? He jumped up, and with rage distorting his features, confronted the terror-stricken Desda. "You knew," he snarled, "you knew, and you allowed me to come here — now of all times. You led me on and on — and you knew all the time this was the *Keep Sex Out* issue of the *Lehigh Burr*." And the door slammed shut.

erotica

It was a typical Algerian day, with the sun pouring its white heat into the baking streets. Desda, the sultan's odalisque, reclined gracefully on her sumptuous Oriental divan, while two swarthy Ethiopians gently stirred the heavy languid air that warmly caressed her soft pliable body. The sensuous sound of soft lutes filled the chamber. But Desda was angry, and her ruby lips were set in a pout; for Jim Strong, the young American son

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Contributors

COVER BY DACE STEINBERG and SYD BRISKER

ARCHER

FIELD

SCOTT

ROGERS

"SOURPUSS"

The BURROS wish you all an exciting and merry, if not particularly profitable Yuletide vacance. We trust that all the sacred rituals will be observed, and that particular reverence be extended to the Gods that receive such acceptance throughout the year, Venus and Bacchus. To the basketball team, we wish a glorious New Year's celebration — in Bethlehem.

sex

(As our contemporaries might write about it)

There it was. A biologic disturbance. An impulse. I turned to Maizie. "Let's do it," I said. We went into the bedroom. Her old man was parked in bed with her mother. Bundling. Kid stuff. "Get the hell out of here!" I roared. I am a masculine guy. Hard-boiled. Tough. I know what I want. And I want to get it. What's that? The dean? O. K. I'll see you next issue. How about Jakes Barnes?

—Ernest Hemingway.

* * *

Neeks vex. Neeking vexing sexing. Sexing vexing necksing. Rout of it doubt of it out of it. Out of sex. Rout of sex. Doubt of sex. Doubt of sex? Me? I am a shemale.

—Gertrude Stein.

* * *

It was a stardotted night. Caddy said they were hitting by the fence. Italies. Where are my italies? I can't write without iltaes. Popeye is using spinach instead of an ear of corn. An ear of corn better suited. Sex is the topic but Caddy said. They were hitting. Snow was on the ground.

—William Faulkner.

* * *

I sit down at my typewriter to writ about sex. I don't care if *Scribners*, *transition*, or *The Atlantic* prints my story. I am a story writer and Armenian like my father was. Did you read "Seventy Thousand Assyrians"? When I need a haireut, I *need* a haireut. But this is a story about sex and it is very eold in San Francisco dear Martha Foley. I also wrote "The Darling Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." But this is a story about sex. etc. . . .

—William Saroyan.

* * *

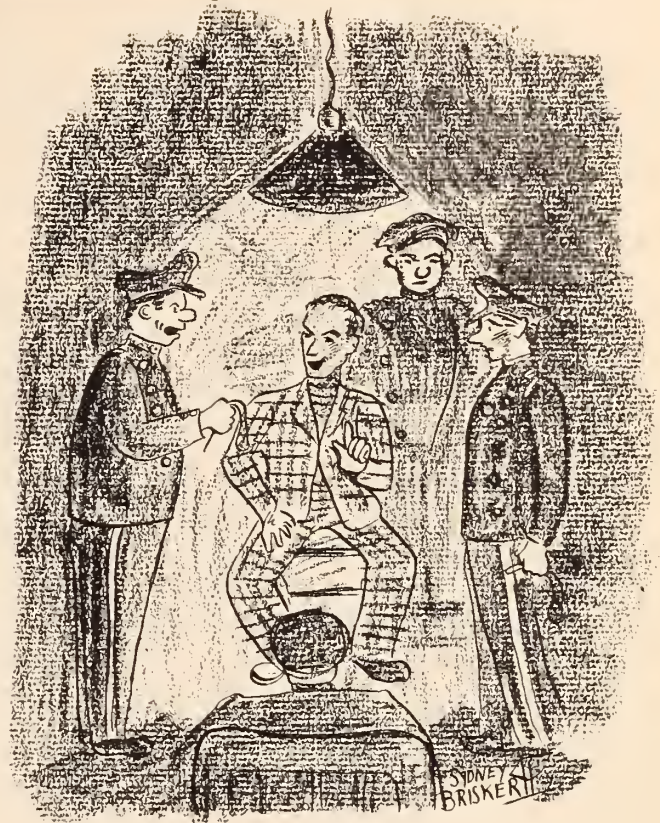
Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow eoming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a niens little boy who grew up to be Stephen Dedalus in a mi-eroeosm of sex. Drive sex into the blumingrund and phgyatsch . . .

—James Joyce.

* * *

i spoke to the dean. the d. said to keep sex out of the issue. i don't think i ought to capitalize on that. give me my lower ease with my sex. but if i leave out capital letters i can leave out sex too and satisfy the d.

—e. e. cummings.



"Now remember boys, no sex!"



*I've toyed
With Freud;
I've laughed
With Krafft—
Ebbing. I used to rant
About Immanuel Kant;
I used to grope
With Schop-
Enhauer.*



*I've read punk jokes
About drunk blokes
And other college students.
But I'd like to glat
You guys with smnt,
But the dean says: "Prudence!"*

excerpts from answers on application for federal relief

1. I cannot get sich pay. I have eight children, can you tell me why it is?
2. This is my sixth child, what are you going to do about it?
3. Mrs. Brown has no clothing for a year and has been regularly visited by the elergy.
4. I have been co-habiting with several officers at headquarters but without results.
5. I am glad to say that my husband, who was reported missing, is now deceased.
6. Sirs: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children one of which is a mistake you can see.
7. I am writing to say that my baby was born two years old, when do I get my money?
8. Unless I get my husband's money soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life.
9. I am sending my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven, one died which was baptized on half a sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.
10. Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now won't eat anything or do anything until he knows for certain.
11. My husband has been put in charge of spittoon (platoon), so now do I get my money?
12. I am very annoyed to find that you have branded my eldest boy as illiterate. Oh, this is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born.
13. In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.
14. You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will it make any difference?
15. Please send my money at once as I need it badly. I have fallen into error with my landlady.
16. I have no children yet. My husband is a bus driver and works days and nights.
17. In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.
18. I want money as quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't seem to be doing me much good. If things don't improve, I will have to send for another doctor.

*Is Margaret Sanger
Driven to anger
And made frantic
By every antic
Of that meanie,
Premier Mussolini,
Who gives a medallion
To mother of each male Italian?*



*Does Freud think a thimble
Is a phallic symbol?*



sex

(As famous characters might express themselves on it)

Pharoah's Daughter: Why of course I found Moses in the Bullrushes!

Shakespeare: A pox on 't! A plague o both thy houses!

Julius Caesar: You too, Brutus? Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look!

Cleopatra: I'll take care of my asp and you take care of yours!

Helen of Troy: Is this the shape that launched a thousand quips?

Napoleon: Not tonight, Josephine.

Josephine: O. K. Nappy!

The Man on the Flying Trapeze: OOOOOOOH!

George Washington: I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet!

Darwin: Behold the *Origin of the Species*!

Martin Kallikak: Nuts!

Antony: All I can say is that Cleo certainly made her mark.

Wordsworth: Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting. Tsk! Tsk!

Lenin: The International Soviet shall be the human race!

King Solomon: No! No! A thousand times no! Or is yes?

Thomas Jefferson: When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary . . .

Patrick Henry: Antony had his Cleopatra, Louis XVI his DuBarry, and I know it isn't treason!

walter windshield

● H. David (Isham Jones) Ock, a popular debutant will be the recipient of a coming out party given by the playful Sigma Nu's . . . at Cedarcreddy . . . Murphy of the class of '00 seemed to have a nice time with one of the dates of the class of '35 at Mickey's right after the Lafayette game . . . Goochi, a Japanese student at Lafayette, refused to tell a Burr editor the Japanese equi-

valent of a collegiate expression . . . And we must keep sex out. . .

● One of our professors, not in the business school, turned to the noisy radiator which was interrupting his lecture and exclaimed: Hmp! Another Economics lecture!" . . . Mal Baxter, after seeing Lehigh lose to Lafayette in football for three straight years, never even got over to see this year's classic. He was out cold! . . . A certain young miss in Allentown has said she would never speak to me again should she be mentioned in this kolom. But I would like to know why she had to call a former

Lehigh student in regard to garters . . .

● Friend Clarke will tell you of the dizzy blond who filched his car and began driving it along the railroad tracks causing the engineer to stop and drive the car off the rails to allow the train to go on . . . The blond is now in New York modeling furs . . . In Newark there is an illegal booze joint in which the only decoration is a Lehigh banner . . . In the same town there is a dairy firm named Gude and Cole . . .

● A certain fraternity has all its members adopting an accent which is definitely incongruous . . . Kyle Crichton selects the reporting of John L. Spivak in the NEW MASSES as the best of the year . . . In one of the articles, Spivak mentions a Lehigh instructor . . . Our art editor is writing vapid verse to a girl at Bucknell who really writes decent poetry . . .

● These three dots of mine remind me of Sandburg's poem, *Washington Monument by Night* . . . The last stanza reads:

● And so long until the next issue . . . If you have any dirt on any of your friends, leave the info with Gladys in Beardslee's office, and see the stuff in print . . . Adios . . .

A CLEAN VERSION OF AN OLD GAG



"Carry your bag, Mister?"

*The answer to a maiden's prayer
Is flesh-colored underwear.
(There's no sense kiddin' you guys;
You know damn well what the answer is. But the dean says nix on that Stuff.)*

what our contemporaries think of

s e x

LOVE

We lay there in the soft mossy grass underneath the pale moon; she and I, her and me, together at last, all by ourselves, alone. I held her in my arms, close to me—ah, she was so soft, so limp, like an old wash-rag. Her golden hair shimmered in the starlight; she was so beautiful, so tempting, so inspiring. I held her closer. The perfume of her body lingered in my nostrils—phooey! In the distance we could see the couples in the club-house swaying in unison to the soft music of the club orchestra. The pleasant strains of a waltz floated out into the night air—it was lousy. I drew her to me and felt her grasp on my shoulder tighten. She slowly raised her dainty head and with a breath of fragrance far superior to wine, she murmured softly in my ear, "Gawd, am I blotto." I held her closer. Ah life!

—*Puppet*

"A historical novel is like a bustle, for it is a fictitious tale based on stern reality."

—*James Rowland Angell,
President of Yale*

WELL?

Baby Stork: "Mama, where did I come from?"

—*Chicago Phoenix*

VELL?

Girl—"Get hot!"

He—"Get hot? Oh, boy."

Girl—"Yes, get hot from my house."

—*Medley*

If all the traveling salesman's jokes were true, there would be a lot less college students.

—*Punch Bowl*

PRACTICALLY ANYTHING

Who tells the fastest jokes—boys or girls? It's hard to say, but maybe this one will influence your decision a little. Right now this one is going the rounds up as Vassar. A Kentucky colonel, who was rather unacquainted with finance, sold his string of thoroughbred horses for \$40,000, minus 10 per cent. which he allowed for cash payment. The bargain was closed in a hotel; and to be sure that he wasn't being gypped on the horse deal, the Kentucky colonel asked the attractive young lady at the cigar counter: "If I gave you \$40,000 less 10 per cent., how much would you take off?" He must have been surprised at her answer: "Everything but the earrings!"

—*Tiger*

"What would happen if a night club dancer were discovered hiding out in the men's dormitory of your college? In this hilarious comedy, the Princeton boys are caught holding the bag."

—*Collegiate Digest*

ACQUAINTANCE

She was an attractive young widow. She entered the hotel lounge and seated herself next to a handsome and dashing young brute. She coughed lightly, but the stranger ignored her presence. When their eyes finally met, she shot at him a flirtatious glance that indicated plainly that she desired to make his acquaintance. With all of this the male seemed cool and gave no answering sign.

Finally a handkerchief dropped to the floor and she murmured softly, "Oh, I've dropped my handkerchief."

The man turned an eye to the woman and responded, "Madam, my weakness is beer."

—*Texas A. & M. Battalion*

A rooster got out of the barnyard one day, and walked down the road where there was an ostrich farm. Looking through the wire fence he saw a bird lay a huge egg. He went back and called the hens together and took them down to the ostrich farm. Pointing out the egg to them, he turned and said, "I'm not complaining, girls, I just want to show you what can be done!"

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

STAGE DOOR JOHNNY

King Solomon once attended the opening night of a musical comedy and enjoyed himself immensely. The producer hurried up to him after the show and asked, "What did you think of the chorus, your majesty?"

"Great!" replied the potentate. "I'd like to date up the first three rows some evening."

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

Two farmers met on a country road and pulled up their teams.

"Hezekiah," said Si, "I've got a wife that's got distemper. What did you give yours when she had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap."

A fortnight later they met again. "Say, Hezekiah," said Si, "I gave my wife turpentine and it killed her."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

—Red Cat

Judge: On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?

Wife: Insanity, your honor. I put crackers in his bed, and he ate them.

Judge: Is that all?

Wife: No, your honor. After he had eaten the crackers, he wanted to know who stole his soup.

—Carolina Buccaneer

DORMANT

They were discussing the nature of love.

"To me love is peace, quiet, tranquility," said she.

"That's not love—" said he, "that's sleep."

—Skipper

And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No—he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before?

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed.

"Just as I thought," he said, "you look like a chipmunk."

—Penn State Froth

You hear a lot
of "Love's Refrain" . . .
What is it that lovers
Refrain from?

—Kitty - Kat

Willie, aged five, had been taken by his father to his first football game. That night as he knelt at her side, his mother was horrified to hear this prayer:

"God bless papa! God bless mama! God bless Willie! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

—Brown Bull

Elderly lady on her first trip: Captain is this a good ship?

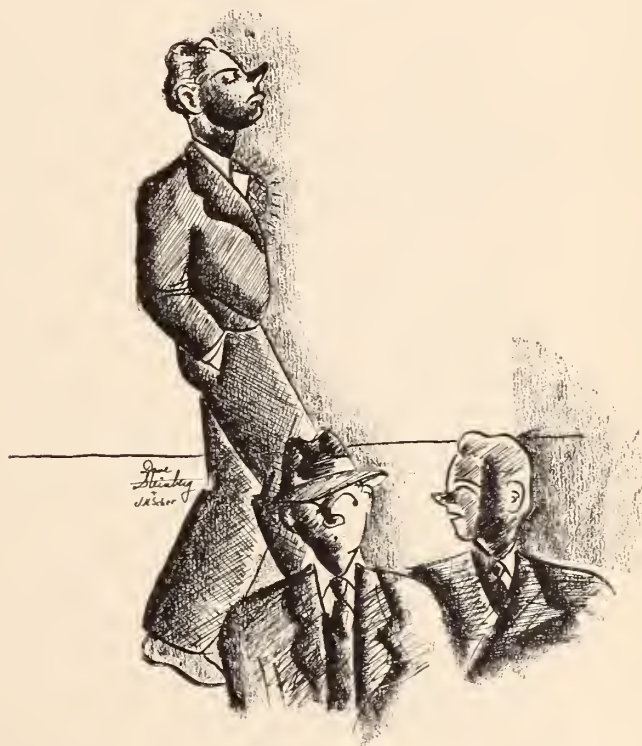
Captain: Why, Madam, don't you know that this is her maiden voyage?

—Annapolis Log

She: "You're the kind of a man a woman can trust."

He: "Say, haven't we met before? Your faith is familiar."

—Punch Bowl



"No, he ain't stuck up. He's got limburger cheese on his tie!"



Oh John! You play with so much feeling!

• •

OWED TO A BARTENDER

I'm glad to see Prohibition go
I'm happy to see Repeal
You really can't imagine
How good it makes me feel!

This racket of writing poetry
Is harder than you think.
And it is a very great help
To have a long, cool DRINK.

the more i Have under my belt
THE easier iT becomeSS
PLEAsnt vurs jest flowSS
froM under my LIMBER thumSS.

isimplytakeonemore
A nd I wri te about REPEAL
Yu simply can't IMA gine
how good it makeSS MEE feeLLL.!

—Bison

purloined poetics

KINDERGARTEN LESSONS IN FREUD

Come, children, close your Dicky Dare,
And open up your Freud so rare.
Read on, my chicks, of love's emotions
Checked by Jung's scientific potions.
See how, my dears, repressed desires
Captivate your weak willed sires.

Read on of sex and inhibitions,
Dreams, emotions, premonitions,
Dirt and smut, and sex repressions,
Sloppy thoughts and True Confessions,
Satan's lust and sex perversions,
Carnal pleasure, fearful virgins.

These, my doves, are the facts of life,
Fit yourselves for the coming strife.

—Record

• •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The question is—Why does a girl close her eyes
Whenever she yields to a kiss?
Now I, who in matters of this kind am wise,
Will tell you the answer is this—

In most of the cases the fellow is framed,
She tells him before the embrace—
That he is the first one and she is ashamed
To look the poor fish in the face.

—Puppet

• •

DANGEROUS DAN M'CROBE

A bunch of germs were hitting it up
In the bronchial saloon;
Two bugs in the edge of the larynx
Were jazzing a rag-time tune.
Back in the teeth, in a solo game,
Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo;
And watching his pulse was high light of love—
The lady that's known as Flu.

—Exchange

MISUNDERSTOOD

Wonderful night and a gorgeous moon,
Sweet balmy air — a reminder of Spring;
Orchestras playing soft lilting tune,
Two lovers dancing as closely they cling.

SHE—"Why so surprisingly silent tonight?
You are not usually so inclined;
Do you find something about me not right?
Tell me, my dear, what you have on your mind."

HE—"Beautiful eyes and adorable hair,
Perfect bare arms that invite a caress;
Silken clad ankles beyond all compare,
Shoulders perfection and may I digress—
Some combination, kid, I'm telling you."

SHE—"Merciful heavens, is that showing, too?"
—Puppet

● ●

FIRE!

Lashes to lashes,
Chest to bust;
If she puckers her lips
Then in God we'll trust!

There was a co-ed at Cornell
Who thought she would raise merry hell
But because of her pimples
And lack of large dimples
Her plans did not turn out too well.

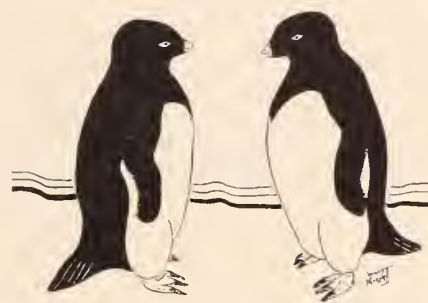
—Widow

● ●

Eat very little pork and veal,
Don't stay up late at night;
Refrain from drinking with a meal
And never get too tight.

Don't smoke too many cigarettes,
And eat too many pies;
Don't get familiar with brunettes,
Or fail to exercise.
Be sparing of light wines and beers,
Don't drink your coffee strong—
And you may not live ninety years,
But it will seem that long.

—Puppet



*"I can't think of a clean thing
to say."*

TWO POEMS

1.

*Marlene Dietrich
Is a neat trick,
College boys maintain.*

*Joan Blondell,
They wouldn't well,
Leave standing in the rain.*

*Fifi Dorsay
Makes them horsey
When she sings a song.*

*But their queen
Is Mitzi Green,
Fifty million freshmen
can't be wrong.*

*I like to do things for romance:
I love the thrill in games of chance,
I love to win when stakes are high,
But when I lose I never cry.*

*While others work I love to sleep,
And 'tho I pray the Lord to keep
My soul, my life I'll never give
To being good—I love to live.*

ENVOI

*I love to go to cabarets
And taunt the boys who wear berets.
—Columns*

HEAVEN

Heaven is a place where we
Will never hear a moan.
Heaven is a place where we
Can always be alone.

Heaven is a place where we
Can never, dear, get heck.
Heaven is a place where we
In peace, my dear, can neck . . .

—Purple Parrot

EVOLUTION

Clara: They say that one evening's
dance is equivalent to walking ten
miles.

Maud: That was in the old style.
Now it's equivalent to climbing one
hundred trees.

—Exchange

There was a young lady of Trent
Who said she knew what it meant

When men asked her to dine:

Gave her cocktails and wine,
She knew what it meant—but she
went.

—Blue Bucket

*Love is like an onion,
You taste it with delight,
And when it's gone you wonder
Whatever made you bite.*

—Columnus

A young lady went into a drug
store, "Have you any Lifebuoy?"
she asked.

"Set the pace lady," said the
young drug clerk, "set the pace."

—Pitt Panther

Here's to her eyes
Blue eyes like the skies,
A toast to her heavenly eyes.

Here's to the prize,
That I paid for the sight of her eyes.

Here's to the sighs,
Oh, the size of the sighs!
I have sighed for the sight of her
eyes.

Here's to the lies
That lie in her eyes
The lies in the light of her eyes.

And here's to the guys,
The guys who were wise,
The guys who were wiser than I.

—Wampus

Advice to co-eds: When sitting on
the ragged edge of despair be non-
chalant—buy a new pair.

—Exchange

Prof: What's a skeleton?

Frosh: A stack of bones with all
the people scraped off.

—Widow

Prof. Hart gets off a story about a
young English teacher who began
teaching in the grades. She opened
her first class by laying down the
law, telling the kids what would be
expected of them, and above all,
what would not be permitted. She
said, "There are two words that I
positively will not allow anyone to
use in this class. They are 'lousy' and
'screwy'."

She paused a moment to let it sink
in, but one little fellow got impa-
tient and asked, "What are the
words, teacher?"

—Pelican

Mr. Brown had passed on. In life
he had secretly worn a toupe. It was
his widow's wish that his secret
should never be revealed. After
many inquiries she found an under-
taker who assured her that he could
preserve the effect until the very
last. "Are you certain, Mr. Smith,
that the toupe will not slip off?" she
inquired concernedly.

"Yes, indeed, madam, I will at-
tend to that."

The next morning she phoned Mr.
Smith. "I am very much worried
about that toupe, Mr. Brown was so
particular."

"Leave that to me, Mrs. Brown,
I will exercise the greatest care," re-
plied the undertaker.

That afternoon another phone call
from Mrs. Brown. A reassurance
from Mr. Smith that all would be
well.

Two hours before the last rites
another phone call. "Mr. Smith, I am
worried about one thing only. That
is Mr. Brown's toupe. Now are you
certain that his toupe will not slip
off?"

Exhausted Undertaker: "Yes,
madam, I am damn certain! I nailed
it on!"

—S. California Wampus

TSK!

The only difference between
Christmas vacation and the rest of
the year is that during Christmas
vacation you sleep in your tuxedo.

—Punch Bowl

Fleming—Does that man over
there have St. Vitus' dance?

Wright—No, that's a mute who
stutters.

—Drexlerd

THE BURR MARCHES ON AS THOUSANDS CHEER

"As pure as a (chorus) babe."

Walter Winchell, *Daily Mirror*

"I'd even let my mother-in-law read it."

Ed. Sullivan, *Daily News*

"Tomorrow I go down Memory Lane with the BURR."

Louis Sobol, *N. Y. Journal*

"No, it is not true that the 'Keep Sex Out of It Issue' was dedicated to Dorothy Parker."

Robert Benchley, *New Yorker*

"Burr - p."

Dorothy Parker

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Name.....

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THE LINE

Far ahead of him the line still stretched. So far ahead that he could not see its end. He supposed it would be the usual bread and soup. What difference does it make? You are glad to get that these times. And things aren't getting any better; they're getting worse. Some of the persons in this line are only kids! Young girls, too! It's a shame!

Funny he'd never noticed this line before. Must be new. He'd never seen one so long before. Why don't the people ahead hurry up? Don't they realize he's hungry? Even bread and soup will taste good after this wait.

Nice building they're going into. Some one must have donated it. All white and marbly. Clean looking. But no time to look at buildings, the line is moving ahead. He can see the end now. Hurry, hurry, hurry! The gnawing emptiness within him ticks off the words like so many hours. Now he is almost there. No—yes, he's next!

When they asked him for his dues card he fainted.

—Owl



The story is charged with a lot of things which should more properly be blamed on a lark.

—The Skipper



DEFINITION

Nuts are round
Hard-shelled fruits
Which grow on trees—
Except for peanuts—
Which grow like potatoes
And also in ball parks.

—The Froth

Iantha

A sweet young thing by name Iantha
Was rushed by a Pittsburgh Pyantha
Said he, "C'mon, cutie,
Don't be quite so snooty."
She lisped, "Oh you nathy Myantha."

—Ski-U-Mah



JUSTICE

Ring around the bathtub
Fourteen inches high.
Four and twenty boarders
All as sore as I.
When the door is opened
The bird that leaves a ring
Is going to be as sad a sight
As the guy who used to sing.

—Harvard Lampoon



Our kitchen is so small that even the milk doesn't have room to turn.

—Exchange



It is the ambition of every college comic editor to make his magazine approach "The New Yorker" in every detail possible. But it is not the ambition of this college comic editor to achieve the position attained by Harold Ross, editor, when he was an inmate of the famous Riggs Sanatorium.

Quoting from "Fortune": "... Ross worked constantly from 1924 till now, except for a six weeks' incarceration in the famous Riggs Sanatorium. He was sent there for a nervous breakdown. While there he was the awe and admiration of all the guards, who were moved to such a state by this strange young man who thought he was the editor of 'The New Yorker.' He was the toast of the whole place till a man arrived from Texas who thought that he was pregnant. Ross no longer held the place of supreme interest."

—Phoenix



PROBLEM

If two persons can sleep alone, why can't one person sleep together?

—Lyre

MY GIRL

Her lips are red like the whatchumacallits
That bloom at that time of year;
Her teeth are white like the thingamajigs
That she has got stuck on her ear.

Her nose is turned up like the doamaflopit
For to hang things on a wall;
Her form is just like whatsername
That ain't got no arms at all.

I want to tell her allothemthings
That she is wantin' to hear;
But, gosh! when I start, I have to whatsit
That you do after a glass of beer.

—*Yellow Jacket*

"Give this little girl a great big hand," said the cannibal's small daughter as she was serving dinner.

—*California Pelican*

A drunk was swaying back and forth on the sidewalk when the cop stepped up and asked him what he was doing and where he lived.

"Right there," he said, pointing to a house, "but I rang the bell and nobody anshered."

"How long ago was that?" asked the cop.

"Oh, a couple of hours."

"Well, why don't you try again?"

"Aw, hell with 'em—let 'em wait."

—*Exchange*

ONE ACT PLAY

Scene—Anywhere on the campus.

Time—September 23rd. First Soph, Second Soph.

First Soph—Hulloharya!

Second Soph—Hulloharya!

First Soph—Finusilk!

Second Soph—Finusilk!

Both (simultaneously)—Havugoodsummah?

First Soph—Nossobadhowboutchoo?

Second Soph—Nossobad!

First Soph—Shuramgladtseeyuback, butchamitadrop-taguyaline!

Second Soph—Didnowherewere! Geesgreataseeya-again!

Both (simultaneously)—Wheryaroominthisyear?

First Soph—Samolplace.

Second Soph—Sameencoodntgetaroomoncamp's.

First Soph—Welldropupanseemesumtimewillyuh?

Second Soph—Betcherlife. Shuregladtaseenyagain!

First Soph—Slong.

Second Soph—Slong.

Exeunt

Both (aside)—Whonellisatguyanyway?

—*Tiger*

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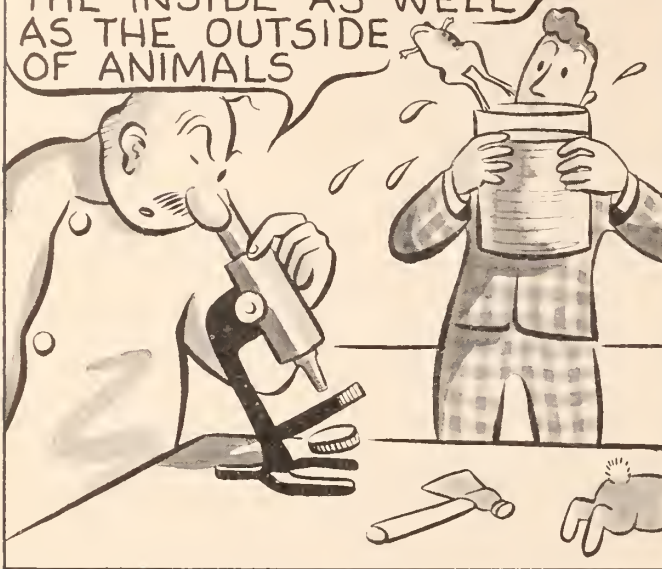
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ZOOLOGY

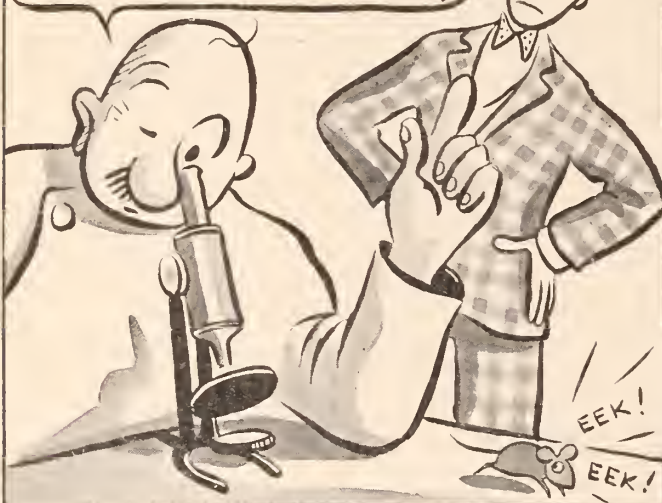
ZOOLOGY IS THE STUDY OF THE INSIDE AS WELL AS THE OUTSIDE OF ANIMALS



LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE BEE'S PROTHORACIC LEG THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.



IN THE PROTHORACIC LEG THERE ARE THE COXA, TROCHANTER, FEMUR, TIBIA, METATARSUS, TARSUS, AND PULVILLUS. THE CLAW IS --- ETC.,



SMOKOLOGY

I NEVER KNEW HOW GOOD A PIPE COULD TASTE UNTIL I GOT ONTO PRINCE ALBERT
M - M - M - M - M!



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IT RINGS THE BELL!

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PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*



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TEST

And although there is always the story of the thorough-going youth who invented a sort of litmus paper in order to tell by certain chemical methods rather than by simple taste the difference between rye and gin, we feel that the most clever of all was the Sarah Lawrence girl who told the difference between a tooth brush and a squirrel by putting both of them at the bottom of a tree and seeing which one ran up.

—*Purple Cow*

● ●

Prof. Hart gets off a story about a young English teacher who began teaching in the grades. She opened her first class by laying down the law, telling the kids what would be expected of them, and above all, what would not be permitted. She said, "there are two words that I positively will not allow anyone to use in this class. They are 'lousy' and 'screwy.'"

She paused a moment to let it sink in, but one little fellow got impatient and asked, "what are the words, teacher?"

—*Pelican*

● ●

GERTIE GOES NATIVE

Stark naked . . . The sun beat down on the scorching sands. Quiet permeated the island with the exception of a breeze which blew southeasterly through the palm trees. The waves beat gracefully as they arose and fell on the jagged rocks which kept their place through eternity. They, the two humans were all that remained of the wreck at sea—the entire cargo was destroyed—everything had vanished as toll to the mighty ruler of the waters—everything but the two humans. She was now his forever. No one, nothing could ever part them. A victory gained over humanity, a victory over hapless fate, over sordid existence.

She breathed deeply to refresh herself. She belonged to him in her entirety. There was to be no more of the garb of hated society and she ripped her garments from her body in one gesture of triumph—and stood, stark naked . . .

She approached him in surrender—to show him her complete faith—they were two as one. He was cleaning his pipe with seaweed that he had gathered for purposes such as this. He glanced upward—she stood as a nymph in motionless tranquility, her eyes sparkling—he reached

for his pipe which had fallen. "Why, Myrtle, you've nothing on!" he said . . .

—*Froth*

● ●

THE AD WRITER'S NIGHTMARE

I just woke up to myself the other day. I had been going around for twenty years with never a care, but suddenly everything went wrong. My selling business seemed to fall off suddenly. I noticed that at every house to which I went the lady of the house wasn't at home. They had all finished the day's washing with a minimum of effort and a tub full of Oxygen soap and were off seeing a show. There was no Lux there for me.

In desperation I tried the business section of the town. I entered an office and handed the girl my card. As she went in the inner office, I heard a sound of hammering. When I was admitted, the executive flashed a gleaming smile and proudly fondled a gross of eggs. I sat down and tried to pull the chair nearer to him, but it was nailed to the floor. I shook all over, not because of the excitement, but because I had been unable to sleep the night before. No order there for me.

As I left the office, I heard the stenographers whispering together. One of them said, "Yes, and he wears his underwear a second day." She certainly had her nerve, because I had never dated her two days in succession.

"Yes," said the other, "and he's not a regular fellow any more, and he's got a goat that you can smell a mile."

Suddenly it dawned on me why I was always a wall-flower and never a groom. In desperation I rushed out and bought a bottle of Blisterine, a tube of Blisterine tooth paste, some Instant Boastum, a box of Wet-Lax, and a cake of Bell Buoy soap, and used them all. No lonker am I unsuccessful; no longer am I troubled with bad breath or dull teeth, with coffee nerves, constipation, or B. O. I'm dead.

—*Buccaneer*

● ●

STRENGTH

She—Are there field glasses high powered?

Clerk—Say! When you look at something less than ten miles away it looks like it's behind you.

—*Widow*

● ●

"Here's one Luther Burbank didn't try," said the girl as she crossed her legs.

—*Exchange*



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